

*Vulgus Britannicus*  
OR, THE  
British HUDIBRASS.

By Ward.

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*Altera jam seritur multis Factionibus etas :  
Suis & sua Sacra manibus ruunt.*

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L O N D O N:

Printed for James Woodward, in St. Christopher's Church-Yard, near the Royal Exchange; and John Morphew, near Stationers-Hall, 1710.

Price One Shilling.



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# PREFACE.

THE mannerly Name of Incendiary, and the modish Compliment of Inconsiderable Fellow, are now grown so Common in the Mouths of those Persons ; who whilst they are shamming the World with pretended Invitations to Brotherly Love and Charity, cannot forbear, even in the same Lectures, to break loose from the Principles they are labouring, seemingly, to infuse ; and to gratify their own Malice, in provoking one Party, to Curry Favour with another.

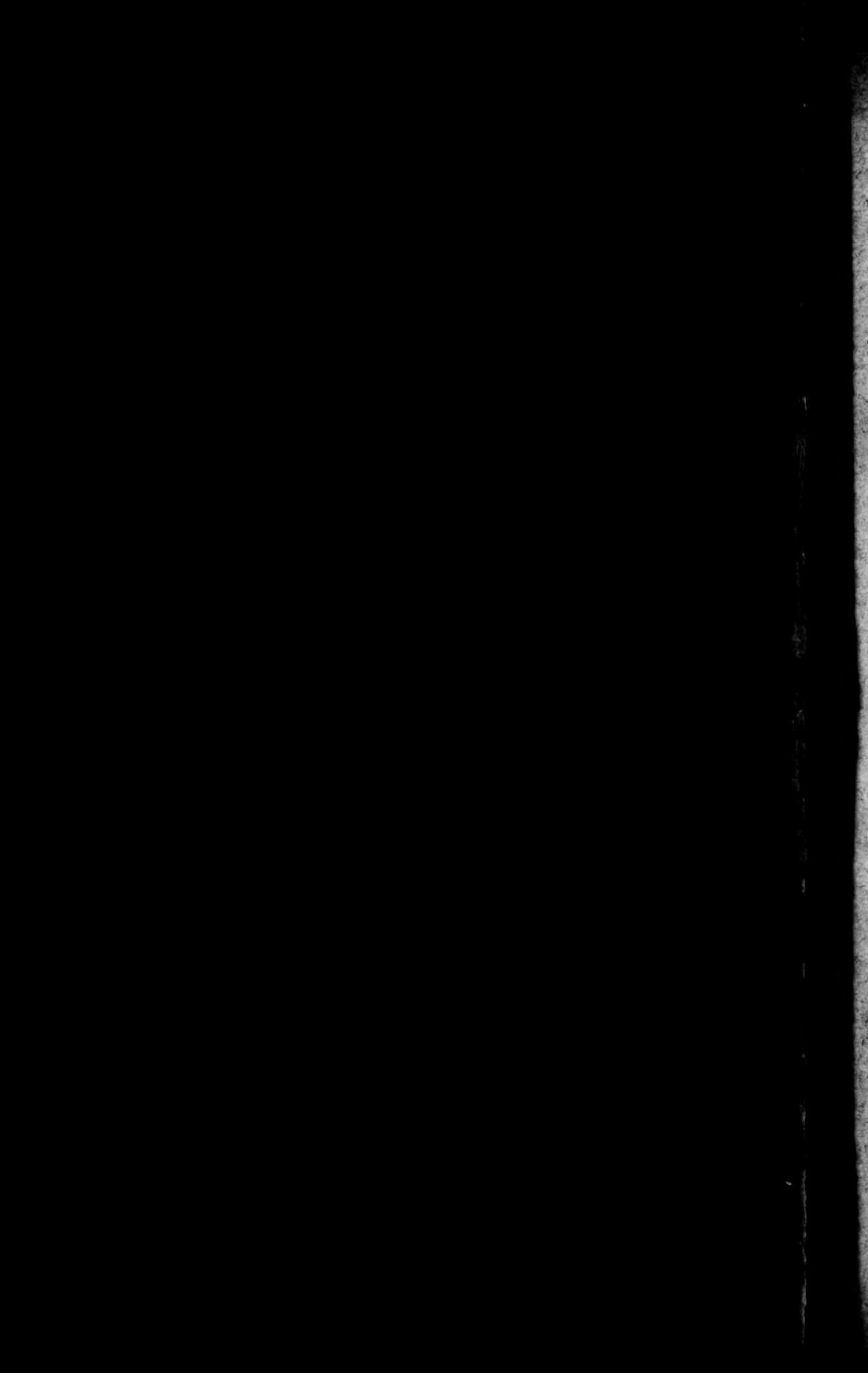
So that he who either Writes or speaks upon any Publick Occasion, runs a great hazard in these Precarious times, of incurring some imputation or other ; by unhappily thwarting

## P R E F A C E.

ing the **Capricious Humours** of such contending Hot-spurs, whu are always blowing up the Coals of Sediti-  
on, in the same Breath that they are recommending **Moderation**; and can no more hide the Tail of the Old Ser-  
pent that lurks under the Leaves of **Hypocrisy**, than a wanton Harlot can her **Vicious Inclinations**, by a  
Dissembl'd Countenance.

However, I have ventur'd to pub-  
lish the following Poem, wherein the late Disorders of our Good Lords the People are turned into Ridicule; with such Advantages and Allowances, as I hope may render the Performance acceptable to the Reader; and when I have wasted this Subject, which will end with the next Part; I shall fall upon such Matters as may be fur-  
ther entertaining, without the least Offence; So farewell. 14 APRIL 1700 *Vul-*





C A V A L I O R

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*Vulgus Britannicus:*

OR, THE  
British HUDIBRASS.

A BURLESQUE  
POEM.

---

CANTO I.  
*On the late Disorders of the Rabble.*

**I**N Spiteful Times when *Humane Folly*,  
Discourag'd all that's Good and *Holy*;  
When *Peace* and *Truth* were out of Season,  
And *Zeal* had got the Staff of *Reason*;

When *Knaves* by dint of *Inspiration*  
Diffus'd their *Nonsense* thro' the Nation;

— And

## C A N T O I.

And when *Ill-Nature* and *Grimace*  
Were outward Signs of Inward Grace,  
When Atheists Preach'd, and Blockheads Writ,  
And Scandal only pass'd for Wit;  
When Fiery Words like Blazing-stars,  
Portended Plagues and Civil Wars,  
And Tavern Cavils shew too plain  
The Malice and the *Pride* of Men;  
When our Good Sov'reign *Lords* the People  
Were Crown'd by a Republick Cripple,  
And by false Logick prov'd to be  
The Source of all Authority,  
And that from them all Power Sprung  
At first, as Pompions do from Dung,  
And did on them devolve again,  
As oft as they were pleas'd to Reign,  
As if a King, *the Lord's Anointed*,  
Was only by the *Mob* appointed,  
And that they rais'd him to a *Crown*  
For nothing but to pull him down;  
So active Boys in windy Gales  
Mount Paper Kites with Fiery Tails,  
And

And Guide and Lower 'em by their Strings,  
Just as Fangicks would their Kings.

When Bad Designs had Pious Names,  
And Holy Looks hid Tricks and Shams,  
And those who seem'd the most Upright,  
Turn'd all Religion into Spite,  
Would frequently at Church Commune,  
And rail against her when they'd done,  
As if they only kiss'd the Chalice,  
To Whet and Sanctifie their Malice.

When Feuds and Discords did encrease,  
And Men lov'd War instead of Peace,  
That all sides had their New Inventions,  
To Feed and Propagate Contentions,

When Men thro' slavish Fear deny'd  
Those Truths they should have Justify'd,  
For Int'rest sake themselves deceiv'd  
And stood by what they Disbeliev'd;

# CANTO IV.

Affirming Points by *Unit of Tongue*,  
Which in their Hearts they knew were wrong;  
And acquiesc'd with *Solemn Lies*,  
Invented purely for *Disguise*,  
That *False Reports* might prove a *Blind*  
To what was wickedly *design'd*,  
And gild the Pois'nous *Bitter Pill*,  
Prepar'd not to *Relieve* but *Kill*,  
So he that does a *fraud intend*  
First treats the Bubble like a *Friend*,  
That he may gain his *Knavish End*.  
  
The *Bard* puts on a Face devout,  
To bring her *Base Intrigues* about,  
And can talk *Scripture* to betray,  
The *Pious Maid* that's Young and *Gay*;  
The *Fox* will *Bask*, and *Rowl* and *Stretch*,  
To bring his *Prey* within his *Reach*:  
The *Cruel Ruffian* and the *Traytor*,  
The Minute that they *stab* will *flatter*,  
And *Proud Fanaticks* Fawn and Bend  
When they the greatest *Ills* intend,

# CANTO D.

And Preach up Safety to the Throne,  
Their Treacherous Hands are Pulling down;

When some were Ruin'd, some Enrich'd  
And some 'twixt Pride and Guile bewitch'd;  
Others infected with a Spice,  
Of Atheism, Craft, and Avarice,  
Some stupify'd with Wine and Folly,  
Others with Spleen and Melancholly;  
Some by the Sourness of their Natures,  
Perverse and Headstrong Jarring Creatures;  
Others by Education spoil'd,  
Too Hot and Furious, or too mild,  
That most were of some Fault attaint'd,  
Whether bedevil'd or defainted.

'Twas then the very Dregs or Ashes  
Of all the Jarring Universe,  
Spew'd out of Alleys, Yards and Garrets,  
Grown sturdy with Nettles and Carrions;  
Some liquor'd well with Foggy Ale,  
Others with Glorious Milk and Stake;

Informers,

## 6 CANTO.

Informers, Lab'rors, Brothel-Keepers,  
Pimps, Panders, Thieves and Chimney-Sweepers,  
And all the rest oth' Heath'nish Race  
That do our Grand Processions grace;  
More Mad, worse Savage Brutes at best,  
Than the Wild Herd the Dev'l possesst  
And more portentous when they rise,  
Than blazing Comets in the Skies,  
Unletter'd, Rascally and Base,  
A Kingdoms Danger and Disgrace,  
The High-born Traitor's noisy Tools,  
Govern'd by neither Laws or Rules,  
Always by others Craft betray'd  
To Ills behind the Curtain laid,  
To Mischief by their Stars inclin'd,  
Deaf to Advice, to Danger Blind,  
Forward and Furious in Extrems,  
Fearless of Life, or loss of Limbs,  
And lavish of Destructive Pains,  
To do Bad Work for Little Gains,  
This Monstrous Rout so Loose and Idle,  
A Paradox, a perfect Riddle,

# GIANTOND

7

To those for whom their Love's most warm,  
They always do the Greatest Harm,  
And often serve by their Commotions  
The Side that feels their Persecutions  
And when they mean to use them Ill,  
Do good to those they would despoile  
Against their Knowledge and their Will.  
Thus oft the Service they intend  
Deserves the Curses of their Friend,  
And their Revenge much Thanks from those  
They Sack and Plunder as their Foes.

When Liberty they loudly cry  
Some hidden Danger's always nigh,  
And when they're suffer'd most to use it,  
They're in the fairest way to lose it.  
Justice if e'er th' attempt to shew it,  
By Means Unjust they always do it,  
Disguise their Ills in Agitation,  
With loud Huzza's of Reformation,  
And when their Violence runs most high  
Mod'ration is their only City,

So

# C A M T I O N E

So Rebels do for Peace declare,  
When bent to raise a Civil War,  
And cry God save the Church and Crown,  
Whilst rushing on to pull 'em down.

When all Sides had their Roving Fists so good  
And in their Turns grew Bedlamites,  
Whilst Foaming Authors of Renown,  
Spread New-Infection up and down;  
And poison'd Others by their Writings,  
As Mad-dogs by their Frothy Bitings,  
'Twas then, I say, the Magazine  
Of Pow'r who long had silent been;  
Mov'd by their Blazing Zeal arose  
And happen'd thro' Mistake, God knows,  
To deem their Pious Friends their Foes,  
Who long had dignify'd the Crowd  
With Pow'r Supreme to make them Proud;  
Appeal'd to these their S... Brutes,  
As the best Judge of all Disputes;  
And that the Wise Imperial Throng,  
Like Papal Chair, could do no Wrong.

But were, as *Nob* declares in spite,  
By dint of Number always Right.

These Mighty Lords, the *Gracious Rabble*  
Who Reign'd long since as Kings of *Babel* ;  
Where Jarring Tongues such Discord bred,  
That one scarce knew what t'other said,  
And angry Heav'n was pleas'd to pour  
Confusion round that *Lofty Tow'r*,  
Having of late imbib'd such *Notions*,  
As warranted their vile *Commotions* ;  
They thought without Offence they might  
Assemble to assert their *Right*,  
And in an awful Manner shew 'em  
Their Pow'r who gave it first unto 'em ;  
So he that when he makes a *Feast*,  
For Friends, inebriates his Guest,  
And gives them with an Ill Design  
Too great a *Plenty* of his *Wine* ;  
If they Run Mad, and Spew and Spoil  
His Parlour, and his Goods defile ;

## CANTO P.

He that first made their *Brains* so dizzy,  
Should bear their *Rudeness* and be easy.

So he that will entrust a *Sword*,  
With him that's *Frantick* and *Untow'rd*,  
And then prvoke him, ought to feel,  
The Sharpness of the pointed *Steel*.

These *Tuchinites*, our *Mighty Lords*,  
According to that *Sage's Words*,  
Arm'd with a *Magazine of Power*,  
Assign'd them by the fam'd *Reviewer* ;  
Aspiring in their *Noble Thought*,  
Above the *Laws* as they'd been taught,  
Presum'd to make a *Street Convention*  
To prosecute some new *Intention* ;  
The bolder Hero's first began,  
Near an Old *Ditch*, their wise *Divan* ;  
Where leaning o'er the *Rails* they stood,  
Consulting Ankle-deep in *Mud* ;  
Where *Dung-boats* sail'd in *Dirty Streams*,  
Beneath their Noses, from the *Thames*,

Which

# C A N T O I.

11

Which kindly mix'd with Common-shoars,  
As nasty as the Neigh'b'ring Wh - - - s.

Here Leather'n Aprons, Tatter'd Frocks,  
With Faces black as Chimny-stocks,  
And Raggamuffins who would cut,  
For a small Booty Purse or Throat;  
Were from their Lousy Huts crept out,  
To joyn the bold Lazarian Rout;  
Whose Greasy Rags and Brimless Hats,  
Were half devour'd by Hungry Rats;  
Yet what Remains of Hat they'd left,  
Were useful, tho' of Brims bereft;  
Adorn'd their Noddles in their Freaks,  
At Night were made their Candlesticks.

When this wild Frape, to Mischief free;  
The Sons of Blood and Cruelty;  
Well arm'd with Oaken Stick and Club,  
The Scepters of the Sovereign Mob,  
In Loud Huzzas proclaim'd their Coming,  
On Stalls and Bulks with Truncheons Druming;

St. Bridget's Lesser Mob advanc'd to meet 'em,  
 And did with equal Clamour greet 'em;  
 Much Joyful Madness was exprest,  
 As if they now were highly blest,  
 To see their furious Noisy Throng,  
 So wild, so num'rous and so strong.

When thus according to their Mind,  
 They all were in one Body Joyn'd;  
 And equally possest with Devils,  
 Were ready for the worst of Evils;  
 Their Helborn Leaders then thought fit,  
 To call a Council in the Street;  
 That they might Form some new Example,  
 More startling than to burn a Temple;  
 And hammer some Dark Project out,  
 Worthy of such a daring Rout;  
 For all Joyn't Bodies whether wise,  
 And Just as Senates who despise,  
 A Sorded Act, and scorn to break  
 The Rules they give, or Laws they make,

Or

Or whether Headstrong Wicked Elves,  
All aim at what's most like themselves,  
For Men of High or Lower Station,  
In spite of Wise Ratiocination ;  
Like less intelligible Creatures,  
Pursue the Dictates of their Natures.

And tho' we only walk erect,  
Look upwards and are Heav'n's Elect ;  
And boast our standing on no more  
Than two Legs, yet when arm'd with Pow'r,  
We prove worse Brutes than those with Four.

After some Whispers pass'd about,  
Among the Captains of the Rout,  
And those of lower Rank had chose,  
Indentur'd Cit in *Antick Cloths*,  
To be their *Gen'lal* for the Day,  
Commission'd by a loud *Huzza* ;  
Whose Rakish Impudence prefer'd,  
The Hopeful Touch to lead the Herd ;

That e'ry Pace the Rake might be  
 The nearer to the fatal Tree,  
 Or some more violent Destiny.

Thus those that sit in Peace above,  
 And pour their Vengeance and their Love,  
 As they see Just, on Human Race,  
 Crown some with Wealth, give others Grace;  
 Do oft Decree the Man of Spite,  
 To perish in his own Delight;  
 So he that's guided by his Lust,  
 Dies by the Vice he loves the most.

When thus the bold Infernal Crew  
 Had fix'd the Ills they mean'd to do;  
 And chose a true Unthinking Leader,  
 Whose Hot-brain'd Fury knew no Teder;  
 Tow'rds Good St. Dunstan then they stood,  
 And turn'd their Arse on Old King Lad;  
 Now like the Gadres Herd of Swine,  
 They Ran to forward their Design.

# CANTO D

pg.

As if they were alike posseſt,  
And could not for the Devil Rest:

Had Hell's Poor Pris'ners snap'd their Chains,  
To fly from their Incessant Pains ;  
And frightening Cerb'rus from the Gate,  
Resum'd on Earth their Mortal State ;  
The 'nfernall Mansions scarce could Spew,  
Among us, such another Crow.

Tatter'd and Torn they all appear'd,  
And look'd as if no God they fear'd ;  
But Mad as Bedlamites in Straw,  
Despis'd both Heav'n, and Humane Law ;  
With loud Huzzas they Rent the Skies,  
And fill'd the Neighb'ring Streets with Noise ;  
Put Pious Dames besides their Wits,  
And frightened Children into Fits ;  
Made the Saints tremble at their Cries,  
To think at such a time as this ;  
That after so much Reformation,  
Such Brutes should still infest the Nation ;

But

But let us take what Pains we Can,  
And use the utmost Art of Man:  
Nettles will still grow up to spite us;  
I' th' fruitful Gardens of the Righteous;  
And the same Fertile Land that Bears  
Good Corn, will cherish Weeds and Tares!

~~When the Rude Vulgi thus were met,~~

~~And turn'd into the Fertile Mead;~~

~~They Gallup, cock their Tails and Roar;~~

~~And growing wild each other Gour.~~

## CANTO II.

### A. Continuation of the foregoing Subject.

When the Rude Vulgi thus were met,  
And e'ry Moment grew more Great;  
Gath'ring fresh Succour to their Throng,  
Like Snowballs when they're roll'd along;  
Among which never thinking Crowd,  
'Twas held a *Vertue* to be loud;  
Whilst here a *Shove*, and there a *Blow*,  
For Common Jests, pass'd to and fro;  
So when the *Horned Herd* to feed,  
Are turn'd into the *Fertile Mead*;

They Gallup, cock their Tails and Roar,  
And growing wild each other Gour.

Now, at the *Rabble's* great Command,  
Each Coach was forc'd to make a stand;  
And many tho' of lofty Station,  
Submit to their Examination;

And with the Patience of a *Job*,  
Obey their ~~Sons~~ *Laws* the *Mob* ;  
Who now grown mad 'twixt *Nob* and *Tipple* ;  
Declar'd themselves to be the *People*,

Who had by Natures Law a *Right*,  
To do whate'er themselves thought fit ;  
So *Rebels*, when successful grown,  
Will *Brave* and *Dare* the very *Throne* ;  
And rigidly exert their *Pow'r*,  
O'er those that govern'd them before.

As the *Rude Rabble* now encreas'd,  
In various Raggs and Tatters Dress'd ;  
And tow'rds the *Rooks Old College* drew,  
More Wild and *Insolent* they grew ;  
No Gang of Sailors stept on Shoar,  
To see some strapping *Wappen Whore*,

Could

Could in their ~~Fright~~ Actions better  
 Express the Freaks of Savage Nature;  
 Than did the loud tremendous Brood,  
 Whose Bell'wings seldom bode much Good;  
 Each frightened Dog their Fury felt,  
 With being either Deck'd or Gelt;  
 And stubborn Posts were made to Reel,  
 By Bangs and Knocks they could not feel.  
 So Men provok'd to Indignation,  
 By others who despise their Passion;  
 Discharge their Fury when they're vex'd,  
 On Stocks or Stones or what comes next.

When thus the bold Infernal Swarm,  
 Were boing hot for any Harm;  
 'Twas then a certain Sooth Physician,  
 Just fall'n into a bad Condition,  
 By vent'ring thro' his Over-Zeal  
 To probe a Wound he could not Heale,  
 Was therefore question'd if his Belief,  
 Were Stake and Naiby, or Good and Wholesome.

Which he'd apply'd so piping Hot,  
To Brethren that approv'd it Hot;  
Explain'd the History of the  
Treas'ry of the tremendous Blood.

It hap'ning that there weighty Matters,  
Between the Doctor and his Bitter's, both right & wrong,  
By this time having spread among, & gain'd the world wide  
Th' Original of Pow'r the Throne; & made it  
To whom the Two Wise Observators,  
Those grumbling Twins of Regulators;  
And all the Saints of Modern date,  
So often have appear'd of late,  
And made thereby, the Frankish Crowd,  
So Pert, so insolent and Proud ;  
That our new S... L.... the Ruth,  
Thought they'd a Native Right to set up  
At all times, on behalf of those,  
Their Zeal inclin'd them to espouse, or in ill fit flur  
Believing they had Pow'r sufficient  
Giv'n 'em long since by the Omnipotent; & hope o' t  
To rightly judge without the Law, & as  
The Peacock has his doublet of Green, & the Star

And therefore might, when set upon,  
 Their Lawful Governors Confront.  
 These empty Nations and Countries,  
 Quite turn'd the moving Rabble's Wits;  
 And made the slaving useful Creatures,  
 Grow Proud and Saucy to their Betters;  
 So Mastiffs kept within our Yards,  
 Prove safe and serviceable Guards;  
 But if we suffer them to mount  
 The Pails, on e'ry light Account;  
 They'll grow too Headstrong by Degrees,  
 And Tare and Worry whom they please.

The Rabble, rather Brutes than Men,  
 Curs'd at Origine from Cain,  
 Bring thus assemble'd in the Street,  
 For any Sport or Mischief fit;  
 Whether by some obscure Direction,  
 Or guided by their own Affection;  
 The Giddy, Wild, Unthinking Herd,  
 Resolv'd to be the Doctor's Guard;

And

And headlong to his Leviathan, and ready  
Well arm'd with Club instead of Gun,  
And there attended his approach,  
T' Huzz him loudly to his Coach.

The Doctor much amaz'd to see  
The Rabble of their Love and freedom so  
Well knowing such ~~uncommon~~ Kindness, that e'er  
Caus'd by intemp'rate Zeal or Blindness ;  
Or by some busy Faction-monger  
To Irritate the Government. How wrong if yed  
Gave to the Mass a sharp Reproof, & bravo !  
And wisely thought that *Thanks* enough ;  
For the Rude Hollers of a Rouser,  
He had much rather been without ;  
So forward Fools will Friendship offer,  
To Persons that despise their Poffer  
Thro' Prudence, not Ingratitude.  
Because forc'd Kindnesses are rude,

However all the Rough Perswasions,  
The soft Entreaties and Orations ;

The Sober Arguments and Prayers, before such or  
That Man could use to *Wise* *Bears*; . . . . 2d T  
Could not prevail upon the *Rout*, *gratious* *bad* or *W*  
To stop their Course, and face about; . . . . 3d T  
For Captain *Tom* of this *Farm'd City*, *beginning* *bad*  
Joyn'd with his *Mob* are High and Mighty, just of  
Too Wise, too *Headstrong*, and too *Bold*,  
To be Advis'd, or yet *Controv'd*;  
And like stern *Tyrants* will Postpone,  
All others Measures, to their own.  
So Girls that lay their *Bait* to catch  
Some Youth that's not a *Proper Match*;  
If Friends will not their Choice approve,  
The more they're Check'd the more they Love.

Thus did the *Priest* in *Triumph Ride*,  
With *Legions* shouting by his side;  
Punish'd with the untimely *Cry*,  
In spite of *Low Church*, *High Church High*;  
Which startling Noise, like *Winters Thunder*,  
Fill'd many *Lipping Ears* with *Wonder*;

So unexpectedly to find,  
The S.... People thus unkind;  
Who had so long been sooth'd and flatter'd;  
H....ly'd, Review'd, and Observator'd,  
And tempted by a Thousand Arts,  
To stamp Mod'ration in their Hearts;  
Yet that at last upon a Pinch,  
They from their Good old Friends should flinch;  
Who us'd to treat them with whole Barrels  
Of Ale, to back them in their Quarrels;  
Encourage them long since to Swarm;  
Round such that meant the Nation Harm;  
And spur'd them on to stand by those,  
Who durst to be their Monarch's Foes;  
And that they now should hang an Arse;  
Or vary from their wonted Course;  
Forget Their Favours and Carefess;  
Who, by Extreams, and warm Excesses;  
Had brought their B...s to a C...s;  
Such black Ingratitude must vex,  
The G....y and their C....e perplex;

Provok the thidest Swell, and  
And fret and fume like Bubb'le,

But those who do alas depend,  
Upon the Mob to stand their Friend ;  
And found Dominion not in Order,  
But in the wav'ring Populace ;  
Must find sometimes the giddy Swarm,  
Instead of Good, will do them Harm,  
And like the Snake exert their Pow'r, o  
On those that cherish'd them before ;  
So Rusty Guns if charg'd too high,  
Recoil when fir'd, and backward fly,  
On those who oft have kill'd their Game,  
And sported freely with the same.

There's no Dependance on a Rude,  
Distracted giddy Multitude ;  
Who to each Party's Mutual Sorrow,  
Are high to Day, and low to Marrow ;  
And by an old Tradition fort  
Of Justice, which they make their Sport.

Turn Foes to wh<sup>m</sup> they have best Friends, lovor<sup>g</sup>  
 To make the suff'ring side amends; & his self b<sup>n</sup>A  
 That those who laugh'd aloud at first,  
 At last may chance to come by th' worst;  
 And those have b<sup>m</sup> next, & to self ill noqu  
 A turn to Laugh who first were vext; & b<sup>n</sup>A  
 Thus 'tis the mode in these our days, & w<sup>m</sup> off ni still  
 To spit our Venom diff'rent way, & it is not br<sup>m</sup> fum  
 And so by opposite Extreams, & w<sup>m</sup> hood to basfum  
 Persuant to our Envioys Whim, & the self b<sup>n</sup>A  
 Express, according to the fashion, & self shou  
 Our Spite, by way of Mediator, & the self b<sup>n</sup>A  
 v<sup>m</sup> t<sup>m</sup> b<sup>m</sup> swloed bns, b<sup>m</sup> int nedw lioco R

So the sweet Babe of Early M<sup>m</sup>, no odw stirs nO  
 To please Mamma does Daddy beat, & it beico b<sup>n</sup>A  
 Then lest the Dad the Brat should blame,  
 It stroaks Pappy, and beats the M<sup>m</sup>, on a coart T  
 Thus are the Infant Rabble taught, vbbig hefgeic I  
 To vex this Party, & labour that y<sup>m</sup> T<sup>m</sup> o<sup>m</sup> oW  
 And learn from Father and from Mother, & digh e<sup>m</sup>A  
 To please all sides, one after other, blow as yd b<sup>n</sup>A  
 Turn

When

When these, the Dregs of Human Kind o' T

By Nature stubborn Fierce and Base, H on ier T  
Had forc'd themselves without Reward, C oude e'st pe  
Or Thanks, to be the Doctor's Guard; C oude e'st pe  
Attended on him all the Day, W hich is to be  
And brought him back with loud Huzzas, ght si A.  
Expressing their inted'rate Joys, gnt b'g on W  
In Jostes, Scuffles, Shouts and Cries, V ondri won si W  
And Resolutions to defend, and w two T erds illo o T  
The Rev'rend Champion to the End; rielt sepol al  
Who was much troubl'd and surpiz'd, V bluo W  
But could not help what he despiz'd. ght sim si iadi 10

So brave Men oft are forc'd to bear, few will o  
Those Flatt'ries they abhor to hear, vini t yerb i  
And humour noisy Croud's they have, d' iult hale  
To back the Policy of States, yd be fusturit f'ndy 10

E'er Light was spent the Boist'rous Flock,  
Convey'd the Pensive Shepherd back;

In such wild Pomp that was unknown,  
 To those who wear the Sacred Gown,  
 That no Heroick Royal Victor, usurper,  
 General or Protector, could be  
 Could e'er be plagu'd in their Processions,  
 With louder Shouts and Acclamations ;  
 As if the loose unchristian Race, who  
 Who'd long been destitute of Grace,  
 Were now reform'd, and would declare,  
 To all the Town what Church they were ;  
 In hopes their sanctify'd Pretences,  
 Would varyl v'en their Kirk Offense,  
 Or that it might the better Skreen  
 Some Mist'ry that was hid therein ;  
 So fits wed those they ne'er affected,  
 Purely t' intrigue the less suspected,  
 And that the Spouse may bear the Blame,  
 Of what's transacted by his Dame.

As foul as the Promiscuous Rout,  
 Had giv'n the Priest a Parting Sheet,

And

And lodg'd their Fav'rite, they withdrew,  
Some new Adventure to Persue ;  
Leaving the *Thoughtful Guide* to Ponder ;  
On those Afflictions he was under ;  
When of that noisy Clamour eas'd,  
With which he had so long been teasd ;  
So when a *Prince* has done great Feats, . . . B  
And rides in *Triumph* thro' the Streets ;  
Tho' *Farthing Candles* please his Sight, L T H E T  
And the loud Mob his Ears delight ;  
He's glad, when all the *Pomp* is past, L T H E T  
To find he's got safe *Home* at last.

And by their High-mettre this will be done.

Some new Accounts of the French

Colonial and Foreign Affairs

## C A N T O III.

### On the Mob's pulling down Doctor B....'s Meeting-house.

**T**H' Infernal Broth being now abroad,  
Not Eas'ly to be tam'd or aw'd ;  
But like the Devil in a Passion, His ardor being so high  
Rais'd by unskilful Conjuration ; it is hard to tell  
Must if they once have got their Head,  
B' employ'd before they can be laid ;  
Accordingly with Zeal as hot,  
As Broth in boiling Porridge-Pot ;  
When the Fat leaps into the Fire,  
And makes the Liquor boil the higher ;  
After some little Consultation,  
Which way or how to vent their Passion ;  
Whether on him who'd crown'd the Rabble,  
To make the Sov'reign Pow'r a Bauble ;

And

And labour'd like a *Tom-a-doodle*,  
To place the *Rump* above the *Noddle*,  
Or whether they should steer their *Courſe*;  
And exercise their *Evil Force*.  
On him that used much *Malediction*,  
Against a *Brother* in *Affliction*;  
And like a *True Blew Moderator*;  
Would *Hang* him first, and *Try* him after;  
But one, a leader of the *Brutes*,  
To put an end to all *Disputes*;  
Held forth a little to the rest;  
And thus in short his *Mind* exprefed.

Should we, like *Giddy Fools*, *Despite*  
The *Priest* that does affert our *Right*;  
And gives us *Tale to Confront*  
Our *Kings*, and call them *Mob Agents*?  
To our own *Friends* we should be *Rude*,  
And treat them with *Ingatitude*;  
No, should we prove so *rashly blind*,  
They'd dash it in our *Dish* you're *full*,

And say, as Pow'der in a Flame,  
Blew up the Monk that mix'd the same;  
So we have made the Priest our Sport,  
That gave us Pow'r to do the hurt.

These Arguments convinc'd the Routs,  
And made the Scoundrels face about;  
Who in a Fury Westward ran,  
In quest of such another Man;  
Who did thro' Providence escape,  
The Rage of the Misjudging Frap;  
So that with base unblame'd Hands,  
Persuant to the Dev'l's Commands;  
Or some curs'd Wretch as bad as he,  
That led the vile Mobirry;  
To the great Shame of Human Race;  
They sack'd the Good Man's Holy Blace;  
And there, as Fame reports the Matter,  
Among his Pews made wicked Slaughters;  
Leaving the sacred Conventicle,  
Polluted in a shameful pickle;

So Rebels flush'd in Capit War; who like the  
Who Gallows, seat no more than Savers; who  
To vex the Prince that wears the Crown, will  
Pull Palaces and Churches down; blood of w<sup>t</sup> which so

blood has dyed the no very oT

The Sacred Fold, bring thus devilish, yea; and W  
And the Flocks, Pens and Hurdles spolld; H ihi W  
Wherein the Shepherd's stiff neck'd Raths, ered of per  
And all his pritty Newland Lambs, ois of resto neil T  
Were by their Good old Nursing Father,  
Call'd twice or thrice a Week together, pulw emos  
And Fodder'd e'ry other Day, ihi w<sup>t</sup> to sebi ih W  
With Grace instead of Grass or Hay;  
The Mob each laden with their Plunder, ihi w<sup>t</sup>  
As much as they could well stand under, ihi w<sup>t</sup>  
Carr'd off the Trophies they had won, ha vno ynd T  
By the bold Hazards they had run, z done zndt ha A  
And like successful Soldiers flush'd  
With Victory away they rush'd, as sol yndt hia  
Into a Neighb'ring Field that there,  
They might Refresh in op'ner Air.

And sacrifice their *Wooden Spoils*,  
 In hopes their *Heath'ns* flaming *Piles*,  
 Might make *Atonement* for their *Ills* ;  
 So *Canibals* who hold it *Good*,  
 To prey on Humane *Flesh* and *Blood*,  
 When they've subdu'd some *Wand'ring Wretch*,  
 With *Fleshy Cbine*, and *Bramby Britch* ;  
 Pick here and there a *Bit* that's best,  
 Then offer to the *Devil* the *Rest*.

Some who defil'd the *Holy Ground*,  
 With sides of *Pews* their *Noddles Crown'd* ;  
 Others with here and there a *Door*,  
 Whose *Heads* were only *Blocks before* ;  
 'Tis therefore to be understood,  
 They only added *Wood to Wood*,  
 And that each *Scoundrel* had a *Skul*,  
 Hard as the *Wainscot* that he stole,  
 And e'ry Jot as thick and dull.

Some of the more *Revengeful Mob*,  
 Who took the *Pulpit* for a *Tub* ;

The Sacred Hut in pieces pull'd,  
Where Pious D...l oft had loll'd;  
And with his Merry Tales diverted,  
Despairing Saints half broken hearted;  
Who did not Join his Congregation,  
Alone for Christian Consolation;  
But for the Affable Promotion,  
Of Frantick Flirts beside the Cushion;  
For tho' perhaps with Thundering Voice,  
He'd Damn his Hearers twice or thrice,  
Yet he'd ne'er fail to treat 'em after,  
With a kind healing Mess of Laughter;  
So Quacks or Nurses when they give us,  
A bitter Potion to relieve us,  
Pop something down that's sweet at last,  
To carry off the nauseous Taft.

Thus did the Mob's unhallow'd Hands,  
The Pulpit turn to Fiery Brands;  
And, therefore, to the Flames of Course,  
Condemn'd the Pews without Remorse;

As if the Sacred Goods had been,  
 Made Privy to that *Carnal Sin* ;  
 Which caus'd the *Lady of the House*,  
 Who'd found her *Man and Maid* too' close,  
 To turn the *Lovers* out of *Door*,  
 And burn the sinful *Furniture*.

Thus was the *Meeting* by the *Rabble*,  
 Left like *Saint Paul's* when made a *Stable* ;  
 The *Walls* impair'd, the *Windows* shatter'd,  
 The *Roof* and all the *Building* batter'd ;  
 That now it looks distract'd of *Pews*,  
 And *Pulpit*, rather like a *Steep* to *close* ;  
 Deserted by the *Kind and Fair*,  
 Who kept it once in good *Repair* ;  
 Than like a *Meeting*, whose *Foundation*  
 Stood firm on Rock of *Toleration* ;  
 And that the *Magazine of Power*,  
 Had thus presum'd to pull it lower ;  
 Nor is its sudden *Downfall* strange,  
 Since all things upon *Earth* must *Change* ;

The Strong, the Rich, the Good, the Great,  
Must in their Turns submit to Fate;  
And holy Places that have been,  
Long since the nurseries of Sin;  
Perhaps fam'd Dancing Schools before,  
May happen to be so once more,  
Why not, since sacred Walls by Rebels,  
Turn'd heretofore to Barns and Stables;  
Are now reform'd from their Abuses,  
And so restor'd to Pious Uses.

The Graceless Crowd thus carry'd off,  
The Good Man's sacred Household-stuff;  
Wasting his Cordials which they met with in  
In Vestry Cupboard, kept to whet with;  
That e'er he climb'd the Holy Place,  
To shed the Drippings of his Grace;  
A Coague of some good Housewife's Water,  
Might Clear his Spirits, Strengthen Nature,  
And make the Guide hold forth the better;  
So Pious Matrons when they're past  
Intrigue, and grow Devoutly Chast,

Take

Take Drams of *Comfort* e'ry Day,  
As often as they *Pass* or *Pray* ;  
For most *Good Ladies* have a *Notion*,  
What warms their *Spirits*, helps *Devotion* ;  
From whence some *Saints* inclin'd to *Fuddling*,  
Are most Religious when they're *Maudling*.

Nor did the *Rabble* spare his *Pipes*,  
Of Mortal *Clay*, those *Brittle Types*,  
Which often serv'd the *Good Old Man*,  
To *Smoak* and *Moralize* upon ;  
And cool him after two Hours *frosting*,  
With over *Pains*, and over *Prating* ;  
Yet these Rapacious Interlopers,  
Turn'd all the crusty *Tubes* to *Stoppers*,  
And strew'd about the *Wicked Wood*,  
Like *Gard'ners* when they sow their *Seed*,  
As if they thought it was no *Sin*,  
To ruin what they found therein,  
Unless the Fruits of their Abuse,  
Should be Carr'd Home to their own *Use*;

Who came not in such *Fallick'fay*,  
To Steal, but only to Destroy;  
So Ladies who by seeming *Fairies* are  
Are *Ravish'd*, think they're na'e'n the worse,  
Lest they take *Mony* for their *Pain*,  
And Sin for *Mercenary Gains*,  
Or that they chance to be defil'd,

By getting either *Fox* or *Child* ;  
When each *rejoycing* *Bruce* had brought  
His *Trophies* to th' appointed Spot ;  
They cast their *Burthens* to the *Ground*,  
And with *Huzza's* their *Labour Crown'd*,  
Believing they had done a *Deed*,  
No prosp'rous Army could exceed ;  
And that the daring *impious Pains*  
They'd taken for so little *Gains* ;  
Deserv'd the thankful *Approbation*,  
Of all *Well-wishers* to the *Nation*,  
Except the *Saints of Toleration*.

So *Pious Rebels* who begun,  
The glorious *Work of Forty One* ;

Thank'd

Thank'd Heav'n for all their *Holy Murders*,  
 And Joy'd amidst their *Vile Disorders*, and less oft  
 That *Zealous Fools* might loudly Praise  
 The Work of those *Reforming Days* ;  
 And think their *Wickedness* was meant,  
 T' at length produce some good Event : not nis, but

In mighty Order now they laid,  
 The Spoils their Wicked Hands had made ;  
 Pews upon Pews with Art they Pil'd,  
 That what they'd Plunder'd and Defil'd,  
 Might first be purify'd by Fire,  
 And then in *Smoke* to Heav'n aspire ;  
 As if they thought the *Wicked Prize*,  
 They'd stol'n, a pleasing *Sacrifice* ;  
 So *Hodmontots*, because their Feasts,  
 Chiefly consist of *Guts of Beasts* ;  
 They think they merit *Bliss* not *Blame* ;  
 In off'rинг to their Gods the same.

When thus they'd pil'd their *Plunder* up,  
 And with the Pulpit crown'd the Top ;  
 Edward T. As

As if those *Heathens* who were nigh it,  
Wish'd th' Owner there to occupy it ;  
That he and's *Meetings-house* together,  
Might both ascend the Lord knows whether ;  
And like the *Monk* to *Heav'n* aspire,  
Against his Will in *Smoke* and *Fire* ;  
So Rebels in *Religious times*,  
When *Blood* and *Theft* were thought no *Crimes* ;  
With others *Lives* and *Goods* made Sport,  
Yet meant poor harmless *Souls* no hurt ;  
Sought only *Profit* and *Applause*,  
By pushing on the Good Old *Cause*.

When thus the *Holy Goods* they'd spoil'd,  
Were into one *High Mountain* pil'd ;  
And ready to receive the Fire,  
By which th' were destin'd to expire :  
A flaming *Torch* was handed to't,  
By some bold *Sacrilegious Brute* ;  
Whose Malice no Distinction knew,  
Between a *Babbin* and a *Pew* ;

Or any Difference in his Maggot,  
Betwixt a Pulpit and a Faggot;  
But thought as long as both would burn,  
That both alike might serve their turn;  
And make a Bonfire for the Rout,  
To Hollow, Sport, and Dance about;  
So those who, hating all that's Papal,  
Ransack'd the Spanish Popish Chappel;  
Made no Distinction in their Malice,  
'Twixt Common Silver and the Chalice;  
But like a true Reforming Rabbie,  
Ev'n Plunder'd the Communion Table.

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**CANTO IV.**

*On the Mob's Revels round the Bon-fire.*

THE Sacred Pile b'ing now in Flames,  
To th' Grief of many Pious Dames;  
Who wept to see the Rabble use,  
Their Consecrated Seats and Pews;  
Like Crazy Chairs with broken Backs,  
And Beadsteads full of Bags and Cracks;  
Disabl'd by the sinful Follies,  
Of Common Strumpets and their Bullies;  
And from some Brothel torn away,  
Upon an Easter Holyday;  
At such a Merry time to please,  
The Cropear'd London 'Prentices;  
That they might learn when Young and Bold,  
To Mob with better Grace when Old.

Have we, said they, on Powder-Treason,  
When Bonfires are the most in Season,  
Collected broken Tubs and Hoops,  
To burn their Devils, and their Popes ;  
Supply'd their Wants with thin Old Groats,  
To chear their Hearts and wet their Throats ;  
That they might Revel, Whoop and Hallow,  
With more undaunted Zeal when Mellow ;  
Break Popish Windows where no light,  
Appear'd to celebrate the Night ;  
Stop Coaches, and exact a Fee,  
For crying, Down with Popery ;  
And Worry those that would not stand,  
To hear and answer their Demand ;  
And have they now at last turn'd Tail,  
On us that always wish'd 'em well ;  
And set them up so oft to be,  
The Bulwark of our Libertie.  
O Shame on this Ungrateful Crowd,  
The Scandal of the Multitude ;

Who

Who never fail'd, we must allow,  
To be our faithful Friends till now;  
But always readily agreed,  
To serve us at a time of Need.

Who'd think that in these Pious Days,  
They should be so depriv'd of Grace;  
Who always us'd to lend the Nation,  
A willing Hand tow'rds Reformation;  
And at all Seasons were so free,  
To pull down Popish Tyranny.

But now they're sunk into a State,  
That's Wicked, Base and Reprobate;  
And are no longer to be trusted,  
When Matters come to be Adjusted.

By this, alas, it is too Plain,  
There is no Confidence in Men;  
O Neighbours! Flesh and Blood we see,  
Are Wanton, Frail, and Slippery;

And

And never truly as they shou'd,  
 Stand long to any ~~Cause~~ that's good ;  
 But soon Draw-back, and fall at length,  
 For want of Constancy and Strength.

Alas, I'm almost spent, for why,  
 Much talk has made me wond'rous dray ;  
 If you're not faint, I vow I am,  
 Here Neighbour, 'tis a Cordial Dram ;  
 E'en let them take their own ill way,  
 The Wind will turn and so may they.

The sober Brethren too beheld,  
 With Shaking Heads the Shining Fields ;  
 And with full Hearts and flowing Eyes,  
 Bemoan'd the Burning Sacrifice ;  
 One would cry out in Indignation,  
 What means this sudden Alteration ;  
 Good Lord who would have thought the Rabbs  
 Were so ingrateful and insatiable !  
 Have we for many Reigns together,  
 Tutor'd and Nurs'd 'em like a Father ;

# THE ANTONY.

49

Made them the Curb of Sovereign Power,  
Religion's strong defensive Tower;  
Taught them by Clamour how to give  
A Check to the Prerogative;  
To hunt down Popery whenever meanly it is to hunt  
To fall upon another Sect; That is, to Chase the Government when wrong b  
And can they now O Brutes declare,  
For what we know they never were;  
And tune their Old Republick Throats,  
To such Prophane ill-boding Notes;  
That threaten all we have projected,  
With Disappointments unexpected;  
So Good Intents in Holy Times,  
Of old were often construed Crimes;  
And by the People set at naught,  
When to a hopeful Crisis brought.

Have we bestow'd such Annual Boons,  
And Stipends on Apollo's Sons;  
Our gifted Brethren of the Stage,  
Those Pious, Learn'd and Honest Men;

Who

Who spread their Morals up and down;  
In e'ry Corner of the Town,  
That those who would *Instructions seek*,  
Might read their *Duty* e'ry Week;  
And o'er their *Coffee* som<sup>a</sup> Penny,  
Ferment their Zeal in Case they've any;  
And grow as wise in *State Affairs*,  
As City *Aldermen* and *Mayors*;  
That e'ry Novice might be taught,  
To tell his Brother Dunces what's what;  
And thwart a *Man* of wide the *Senses*,  
With Modish *Noise* and *Impudence*.

And has all this *Expensive Pains*,  
The Cost of Money and of Brains;  
Fix'd no more Justice in the Rabble,  
Than if our Prints on *Coffee-house Tables*,  
Had been no more than *Bibble Babble*:

O Brethren! 'tis a *Burning Shame*,  
Our *Holy Things* should end in Flame;



THE  
GOLDEN  
CROWN  
A  
Drama  
in  
Three  
Act

And that the Seats of our Devotion,  
Thro' our Old Friend's *Mistaken Notions*,  
Should thus be *Plunder'd and Confounded*,  
By such a *Mob*, which if well sounded,  
Are not true *Cavalier*, but *Roundhead*.

For look ye, *Brethren*, pray consider,  
Altho' they've stretch'd beyond their *Tedder*;  
Perhaps, Poor Lambs, they might revolt  
For *Int'rest*, then it was no *Fault*;  
Because we cannot but allow,  
That's a strange *Plea*, as things go now:  
You know sometimes for *Interest sake*,  
We take an *Oath* we mean to break;  
Step a few Yards within the *Door*  
O'th' *Church*, to gain a *Customer*;  
Submit to th' *Sacramental Tye*,  
When e'er we see good *Reason why*,  
Yet never think we're *Bound* thereby.

For since the *Wicked* do agree,  
 'Tis best for their *Security* ;  
 To fence their *Interest* round about,  
 With *Oaths*, to keep the *Righteous* out;

It always ought to be our *Care*,

To make a *Gap* that we may share,

Th' *Advantage* they would fain ingross,

By keeping all that's *gainful* close,

In case we had no *Ways* to Break,

Or Leap those *Fences* which they make,

Therefore, as *Prove* is a *Plea*,

We take an *Out-side Conformity*,

And Men may *Quarrel* or *Comply*,

According as their *Interest* lies.

On second *Thoughts*, we should excuse,  
 The People's playing *Fast* and *Loose*;

# C A N T O V

5-

Provided in the end 'tis found

That *Many* made them change their Ground;

For *Int'rest* cannot be withstood,

By those who're Conscious of their Good;

No more than *Wantons* can refuse

Those Pleasures they delight to use.

## C A N T O VI

W<sup>o</sup> the place Differ'd  
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## THE C A N T O VI

On the 1<sup>o</sup> M<sup>o</sup> 1<sup>o</sup> Y<sup>o</sup> 1<sup>o</sup> 1<sup>o</sup>  
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